

where the child lay hidden.

II.

Dusk had fallen. A group of tired, disheartened, bedraggled, tattered, powder-grimed men, some in gray uniforms, others in ordinary dress—or its remnants—gathered about a small fire to brook the cold.

A few of the scattered Confederates whom accident and common sympathy had brought together. The changing fortunes of flight and flight had stranded them in this place.

They were posted before the battle, and they vaguely suspected that the Federal lines were not far from them. They made no effort to throw their arms and accoutrements on the ground near by, and set themselves to making some parched-corn coffee, too weary and dispirited to care much for it.

After a night's rest, they had concluded, would be time enough to hunt up what might be left of their several

right had been—great that not until some time after she was brought to New York was she able to give her family name, or give any information by which we might find the 'brother Frank' for whom she was 'constantly coming.' We were told that she had exchanged prisoners again and again, trying to reach you, but never could. In time we forgot her old name, and gave her a new one—our own. Having no lies, as far as we could learn, we gladly accepted her, and she became as dear to us as if she were our own child by birth."

"But with no greater love for her, dear papa, than she bears to you and mamma," responded the girl, kissing

them both.

No words can express my gratitude to my Brother Frank," and from this time henceforth let no man tell that reconstruction is a failure."—J. H. Connelly in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A NOISE HATING MONARCH.

The emperor of China is not content with the respect shown him by his subjects and recently issued the following peculiar order: "After bringing our sacred personages to the palace, we must, upon our return to the palace, near the gate leading to the imperial quarters, a rapid loud noise caused by talking. This shows that the people are in proper regard for the majesty of the ruler, and also that the officers of the bodyguard are in proper respect for the emperor. Officers who were on post at the particular

gate must be punished therefore, by the ministry of war. In the future, however, the ministry of war will see that a noise so improper shall not occur in its presence."—Hong Keng Letter.

A POSTOFFICE INCIDENT.

A gentleman from one of the outlying districts ventured into the new postoffice building. He had a package which he wished to mail. After waiting for a long time in the lobby of the compartment, labeled "Packages," he said to one of the throng of citizens passing in and out of the office: "Hey, stranger, when does this thing open?" The stranger took the package, presently swung open the door, unlocked the box opening and deposited the bundle, while the owner stood by with an ex-

A REASON TO CROW.

Fred Kilburn of New York says that he was riding in the smoking car on a little one track road in the northern part of the state on a train that was in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the drummer hurried to send back a flagman. A limited express, running at the rate of ten miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train.

The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his eyes and he lay motionless and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath, and, straightening up, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get by us anyway!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

thority, the victims have been hardworking, industrious and home loving women, and have been the object of considerable sympathy. There was not a single individual who was either virulent disease or depraved habits. Upon this basis of reasoning it would appear that some of the popular ideas on this disease are very far from the truth. In the majority of cases it may be said that many so called cancer patients are diagnosed because the attending physicians are unable or unwilling to give the malady its true name.—New York Ledger.

LIME JUICE FOR SCURVY. Probably few persons outside the industries actually concerned are aware that under the provisions of the British lime juice act the board of trade are empowered to require the ship's captains to serve out to their crews a fluid ounce of lime juice per day, and to hold the masters responsible for the actual swallowing of the dose by the men. Any case of recalcitrancy on the part of one of the captains has already appeared in the official log book, and in case these provisions are neglected the master is liable to a heavy penalty. Thanks to the provisions of the act, scurvy has been almost stamp-

the same rostrum with Stubbs, et al?
DR. FELL

SOMETHING FAMILIAR.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be staring at me in a strange fashion. Do you see anything about me that is familiar to you?" "Yes, sir, my umbrella."—"I, transigent illustre.

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